

## THE FIGHT FOR A CROWN.

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## SANTA CRUZ AMIABLE.

Don Alfonso's Letter to  
Don Carlos.

IRURZUN, Province of Navarre, Spain,  
June 23, 1873.

My last letter was dated from Pampluna, and I informed you that I was waiting to join a real fighting column, a party that meant the business of war in earnest. As the fighting column, however, was rather slow in coming, and as the Madrid press was daily stating that a battle was imminent between the Carlists and the army under Novillas, I thought it wiser to try once more from Vittoria.

On arriving at Castellan, where lies the junction of the railroad from Miranda to Castellan and from Saragossa to Castellan, we heard news of a great battle having been fought at Miranda at noon that very day, which, as you may imagine, was greeted with a HURRAH! special bound to the same place. But at Logroño, the town where lives Baldomero Espartero, Prince of Vergara, the horizon cleared up somewhat, and your correspondent, since he was not present, was delighted to hear that only four Carlists were killed and but two soldiers.

Two hours later we arrived at MIRANDA, the scene of the sanguinary strife of yesterday, and naturally enough proceeded to inquire of every body the casualties suffered in the battle. The official account was one lieutenant colonel wounded in the head and one soldier in the right arm; one dead Carlist and one prisoner. So much for the results of the great battle of Miranda.

If I attempted at this time to give you a detailed account of the skirmish I should have to ask you to publish a map that you might understand what otherwise would be most confusing; but, briefly, the cause of the disturbance was that Olio and Dorregaray, with 5,000 men, had made

A MOST EXTRAORDINARY MARCH from Orduña to Miranda, a distance of forty-two miles. This for a day's march is most surprising; at least the people of the village and railway station of Miranda think so, for they have uttered in my hearing sufficient ejaculatory expletives, if faithfully reported, to fill every book in Astor Library.

In a long, wavy line the 5,000 men created the low, stonions hill just in front of the railway station, stood there for a moment, as if to take in at a glance the state of affairs in the Valley of the Ebro; then dashed down the slope, struck off in an oblique direction from the station, brushing by it and the company of soldiers stationed there, who fired at long range upon them, and, crossing the railway, took up a position upon the brow of a hill opposite that on which they had first made their appearance. They rested here for over two hours, while a small body of them cut down telegraph lines and occupied itself in destroying a portion of the railroad. Having rested, the Carlists struck off in a northeast direction, and were soon lost among mountain fastnesses.

Other news which I received here was that Brigadier Castellan, with 2,000 men, had, two hours before I arrived at Miranda, started in hot pursuit of the Carlists. Powers above! This news quite upset me, and I began to think that fortune, which hitherto had always befriended me, had quite deserted me; so I hired a postman as my courier, urged by an irritated employer, ran about the streets offering his kingdom for two horses and any amount of money besides that reasonable men could ask for such animals; but, alas! there were no horses at Miranda and only wags would have enabled me to overtake Castellan.

Towards evening, while sipping coffee disconsolately at my inn, a telegraphic response came to me from Vittoria, which was as follows:—"Novillas, the general-in-chief, is at Vittoria. He marches after Carlists to-morrow with two columns."

This was precisely what I wanted. As Vittoria is but two hours' distance from Miranda by rail, Novillas might easily be reached in the early morning. Upon arriving at Vittoria next morning I called upon the ex-Minister of War, and Generalissimo of Guipúzcoa, Biscaya, Alava and Navarre, and presenting my credentials, begged to be permitted to accompany his column. The permission was readily granted, upon the conditions that I should bring my own horses and be ready within half an hour. This was rather short time for preparation to accompany an expedition setting out for war, but, sending my courier to purchase horses, I started off in another direction to collect the usual accoutrements of a camp follower, such as blankets, water-pots, &c., &c.

Exactly at nine A. M. that day the bugle sounded for the march and two columns, consisting of 2,000 men each, under Novillas and Portilla respectively, set out from Vittoria to hunt up the Carlists.

The enemy, for the search of which this force under Novillas is organized, consists of bands of Carlists, under the Chiefs Olio and Dorregaray, and numbers perhaps between three thousand and

four thousand men—certainly not more, though I have heard men say that the number approximated seven thousand men.

Olio and Dorregaray were reported to be making for the Amescua Mountains after their unexpected appearance before Miranda, and Novillas, with his two columns, was now starting in hot pursuit across the beautiful and rich plain of Vittoria.

SPANISH TROOPS march well at all times, but the soldiers of Novillas seemed spurred on by a common ambition or animated by one sentiment, for they tore over the chalk-white roads in a most extraordinary fashion. They had been three months after the Carlists, marching distractedly here and there under various chiefs, but invariably the Carlists escaped. The general-in-chief was always frustrated in his plans; the best laid schemes for the capture of the marauding force of Olio collapsed, and the cause of all this was that some chief's column had not come up to time to close the gates, according to the instructions of Novillas. Five brigadiers were returned to Madrid who had been tried and found to be useless. This time, however, Novillas, the General-in-Chief, was almost sure; he had found, after much discouragement, faithful and true republican men as brigadiers to command columns, and the confidence with which he seemed to be possessed inspired the soldiers. Leaving

THE HISTORIC PLAIN OF VITTORIA behind us, we were soon confronted by the natural buttresses, spurs, or hog's-backs as they may be compared, of the formidable plateau of the Amescua, whose sides were perpendicular rocky walls rising almost sheer 1,500 feet above the turnpike road along which we were then marching. Naturally enough when I saw this long line of rocky scarp and rugged ruin of the plateau my mind reverted to

ABYSSINIAN MEMORIES, and I remembered well the saying of a veteran British officer who had witnessed the Carlist war of 1833, when he saw some of the worst passes there. Said he, "This portion of Abyssinia reminds me of the Pyrenees, and if this country were peopled with Carlists very few of us, I venture to say, would ever see Magdala."

AS WE ROSE higher towards the clouds we obtained a succession of magnificent views of extensive tracts of level plain, which seemed to be laid out in garden beds for a horticultural exhibition, so kindly had nature hid distance hidden irregularities of hedge and fence and uncultivated tracts. The excellent turnpike roads resembled sandy footpaths, and were fringed with the serpentine line of tall, vigorous poplars and well cropped box hedges. Over all floated the haze, like a tenuous azure veil; and when a halt was ordered for the relief of weary foot soldiers struggling up the zigzag road, the sweet metallic sound of fencer cloches added to the holy beauty of the scenes on which our delighted eyes rested.

At eight P. M. the column commanded by the General-in-Chief in person entered the village of Maestu, while the column of Portilla found refuge for the night in a neighboring village. Novillas had very kindly taken our humble special under his own protection and lodged him with far more consideration than his merits or state deserved. Classed as an official on the staff, I was lodged, with my courier, in a very respectable house, and a lance was detailed to look after our horses. Rations of grain, bread, wine and meat were served out for us in a most generous manner, so that though the room was poorly furnished and the walls but whitewashed, and the floor creaked dully under our footsteps, we had no cause to be discontented with the situation, taking into consideration the fact that the Commanding General was lodged no better.

It was wonderful how quickly the troops were quartered. Though there were only forty-eight houses in the village, 2,000 troops and about three hundred horses were accommodated, and that very evening every man in his heart blessed the gods that provided such an abundance.

Who that has been following the American army, with its long lines of wagon trains, loaded with provisions, teams and ammunition, will not remember the many inconveniences the soldier and the camp follower suffered? Who that has been in such a situation will not remember the hours—the long, weary, drowsy hours—one had to wait, after camp was reached, before his supper was ready, and not envy the readiness with which fresh wheaten bread, good red wine and fresh meat were served to us?

QUARTERING THE TROOPS. How different also the mode of equipping an expedition! The soldiers start out from a large town like Vittoria with one change of clothing and 120 rounds of ammunition on their backs, careless of their fate when they arrive in camp, so confident are they that at each village on the way accommodation and food for man and beast will be found.

There are no wagon trains and no bucking mules and no mule drivers to impede the way; there are no tents to pitch, no fires to be lighted, no suppers to be cooked, no heavy, indigestible biscuits; no billows, greasy, fried meat to be eaten and kill a man's future powers of digestion and digestion! No; but, in striking contrast, the Spanish soldiers march as if on parade—light, serviceable and compact, from village to village and from point to point.

THE CARLISTS WALK OFF. We found that the Carlists had passed Maestu, on the road towards Estella, 5,000 strong, and that two hours only before our arrival at Maestu a body of seventy Carlists had taken rations and followed the same road.

Leaving Maestu next morning, the turnpike—chalky, white and hard as iron—led to a very different country from the plains of Vittoria. It wound among the defiles and narrow ravines, on each side of which rose steep, rugged walls of rock or enormous hills, like the summits of lengthy lines of forest-clad slopes; but the summits of these hills were ever half obscured by mist and clouds.

Those who know what a guerilla war is know what kind of danger surrounds the passage of such a road as the one I have attempted to describe, and can imagine how many hundred pairs of eyes were directed towards the sullen summits hidden in the shadow; and how men's hearts must have beaten as they advanced towards the base of a more than ordinarily horrid rock or scarp. But fortunately no shot startled us; most wicked-looking places were passed safely; we even passed that place of terrible reminiscences for Espartaco, the Bridge of Urdia, and still

NO SIGN OF A LURING ENEMY. We passed Santa Cruz de Campezu at noon and were soon beyond the confines of Alava and in the Kingdom of Navarre, the stronghold of Carlistism. Not a eye now looked out kindly save from computation or dread of consequences. We were as perfectly surrounded by enemies as though we were out of Spain and in another nation's territory in time of war.

We passed the night at Murietta, a noted Carlist village situated at the base of the Amescua Mountains, the well-known haunts of the Carlists. In the morning we held on our way, directing our steps towards Erail, a point of the Amescua Mountains lately made famous by the surrender of Olio Navarre, with 500 troops, to the Carlist chiefs Olio and Dorregaray. No one could look on the lofty, frowning heights of Erail and the steep, rugged road which led up to it, and not sympathize in his heart with the gallant Colonel. Had his troops been clothed in triple armor they never could have reached the heights of Erail in the face of 5,000 Chassepots pelting them to death with leaden balls.

While we were endeavoring to picture the position of Navarro the column was started out of its feeling of security by several loud reports which boomed defiance from the heights around us. But as the enemy were not numerous the flanking parties soon relieved us from the annoyance.

From Erail we descended to Abasua, an antique village of the most antique type, situated in a lovely valley, and on the next day continued the march towards Irurzun, on the Pampluna and Alaisa road. A couple of hours from Abasua we arrived at a place called the Salinas de Oro, where the turnpike led close between two prominent spurs, above which were three or four rugged, rocky peaks. Novillas, an old veteran of 1833, a witness and a participator in the last Carlist war, above to diverge from the turnpike and travel along an old road that ran parallel with it, but at a safe dis-

tance from the threatening rocks which guarded the passage. As soon as we made our appearance on the summit of the left spur, nearly on a level with the rocks, the Carlists, to the number of

TWO HUNDRED GUERRILLAS, under a chief called Rosas, began firing from all sides at a rate which would have been murderous had not the prudent old General swerved from the turnpike. The flankers soon dislodged those on the left spur, but the Carlists on the right spur kept up their firing incessantly as long as the column was in sight, the bullets flying close enough to us; but only two members of the column were wounded, while the Carlists had three killed. This

CHIEF ROSAS is a noted guerilla, who is always posted in the neighborhood of the Salinas, on the road between Estella and Pampluna, to annoy columns who are pressing on after the main body of the Carlists, but is too insignificant to detain a column from the main object in view.

At night, about nine o'clock, we arrived at Irurzun, but found it occupied by a column under Brigadier General Castellan, and consequently moved on again to Villanueva; but this place was occupied also, and though tired and hungry, after a march of two leagues, we had to go another league to lava.

By what I have written above your readers may obtain a glimpse into the real life of

A FIGHTING COLUMN, and may know that it is bent on earnest war if it should fortunately meet the Carlists, but that its main occupation consists in marching and counter-marching. In brief, without detailing the incidents of daily marches, you must know that the force under Olio and Dorregaray manages to evade the five columns which pursue it by

EXTRAORDINARY MARCHES from thirty to fifty miles a day, and, being warned of the approach of the columns by volunteer spies, it is not so very easy, after all, to overtake it. The country is a jumble of mountains, small plateaus, blunted cones, rugged ranges divided, subdivided and separated one from the other by deep and narrow ravines, to enter one of which in pursuit of the Carlists would be almost certain destruction to a column numbering but one-third of the enemy. So that unless the Carlists wish to fight and make a stand, or unless they are at last finally run down, or accidentally met by a column, there is not much chance of my being able to describe a battle, though there is a great possibility that, some of these days,

YOUR CORRESPONDENT MAY GET WINGED from behind some rock by a more than usually skilled marksman or a chance bullet.

While we were resting the next morning after our eleven league march Novillas was studying with Castellan, Portilla and Elio how to meet the Carlists. The result of the council was that Portilla was ordered to the Amescua to take up a position above the villages of Ologoguen and Gama; that Elio continue his march towards Alaisa to prevent the enemy from going to Gulpuzca; that Castellan, with his 1,700 men, proceed to the gate of the Amescua, near Bakedano, while Novillas was to hurry forward after the rapid-going Carlists and endeavor to drive them between two fires or where they should be eligible to attack.

During the following three days we experienced very hard work. It was not so much from the rapidity at which we travelled, but from the duration of the march, that it became weary. The bugle woke us all up at half-past five A. M., and by the time some of us could dress the vanguard was on the march. At eleven A. M. we halted for breakfast at a village, or under the trees, on a mountain slope; at two P. M. the march commenced again and lasted until seven P. M., when, of course, we were all so fatigued that nothing was thought of much but sleep.

On the third day we arrived at Estella, the Carlists but a few hours in our front, marching toward a ravine that led by Portilla's position. Long before the Carlists' approach the pickets saw them advancing, and in obedience to orders, retreated hastily to the main body of the government column, which was at once

SILENTLY PREPARED FOR ACTION. Portilla had placed his troops admirably on two commanding hills, which guarded the entrance to the pass. The Carlists were permitted to pass on undisturbed until three-fourths of their number had entered the gaping ravine, when suddenly, at the sound of a bugle, the pieces of artillery and 2,000 Remingtons opened upon them to their utter confusion and dismay. They were rallied from the shock, and endeavored to stand their ground, but the position of the troops and the coolness with which they piled their Remingtons proved too much for them, and, to escape utter annihilation, the retreat of the Carlists was ordered. Their loss, as stated officially by Portilla, were sixty killed and 300 wounded, almost all of whom were left on the field. The loss of the troops was small, as might have been expected; but four were killed and sixty to seventy wounded, many of which were too slight to be considered as wounds.

We arrived to-night at Irurzun, where we have received very grave news, indeed, but this will form the subject of another letter.

Still After the Carlists—Our Correspondent Investigates the Carlist Victories—Castellan's Surprise and Defeat. LECUMBERRI, Province of Navarre, Spain, June 27, 1873.

We returned from Estella almost by the same way we had entered it, but animated by the blow Portilla had given the Carlists at Ologoguen, our vanguard was exceedingly busy this time in making prisoners of Carlist scouts, who could not escape in time to avoid a small cavalry detachment that was constantly on the alert. When we arrived in the neighborhood of the ill-omened rocks of Salinas de Oro we struck across a lofty mountain, and, descending, visited the valleys of Goni and Olio. At the village of Olio we heard bad news, which was that the railway station at Irurzun had been attacked by Olio's Carlist army, and seventy soldiers who guarded it had surrendered after very ineffective firing.

By one of those incredible marches of the Carlists it seems that, after being so badly defeated at Ologoguen by Portilla, they had made a retrograde movement, and hastened back to Irurzun to find it utterly unprotected.

When the General-in-Chief heard this news, instead of proceeding to Pampluna, as he had intended to do, he turned back, and moved upon Irurzun, where we arrived last night, not only to verify with our own eyes what we had heard of Olio, but to hear the sound of excessive firing and to see pale-faced fugitives from a battle fought yesterday afternoon.

The news these fugitives told us was exceedingly disheartening, and for a moment it really looked as if we should have to confess ourselves thoroughly beaten. "Castellan's column, 1,700 strong, had been totally defeated by 5,000 Carlists, under Olio and Dorregaray; the artillery had been captured, and what remained of the column were no longer men and soldiers, but cowards and fugitives, flying in terror towards Pampluna, throwing their arms and knapsacks away in their flight."

Four hours more of daylight, or had we arrived four hours earlier, or even two hours, and the coup de grace promised you in my telegram would have been effected thoroughly. But it was now seven P. M., and

THE BATTLE FIELD was six miles away in the heart of the mountains, nowhere behind the two rocks near Irurzun, known as Dos Hermanas, or the Two Sisters.

As we were all drawn up in line waiting orders came two messengers from Castellan with an urgent entreaty that aid would be sent to him, as he had only 500 men left of his column, which were posted in a village, where they had determined to resist until relief came. At the same time came, like vultures scenting prey, the column of Elio y Rey, 2,000 strong, came in, marching from lava, apparently fresh, though they had marched a long distance, and half an hour later came information that General Portilla, ten leagues off, between Tolosa and Irurzun, was advancing towards us. This we had

SIX THOUSAND REGULAR SOLDIERS, with artillery and cavalry, eager and burning to avenge the defeat of Castellan, and had we, as every one wished, but four hours more of daylight not a Carlist could have escaped. But just, or any-

thing you wish, was against us, and it was now night; so, after sending a regiment to Castellan's aid and a battalion of engineers to secure a pass, we quartered for the night at Irurzun, where, though greatly fatigued, I wrote my last letter.

This morning at six o'clock the column of Novillas was on the move, breasting a lofty mountain, the summit of which was gained three hours later, while the column of Elio marched along the highway to Lecumberry, the place where this letter is written.

After a short breathing pause Novillas' column began to descend the mountain above Irurzun, on the opposite side, and after experiencing a dreary four hours' march arrived at the village of Yohaso, near the battle field, where we received the news that we were all hungering for, and where the disheartening news of yesterday was dispelled as chaff before the wind.

The truthful side of the affair of yesterday is that General Castellan, ambitious to distinguish himself and burning to rival the feat of Portilla at Ologoguen, hurried after the Carlist army as soon as he heard of their presence at Irurzun, and, in his haste to overtake them, made

A FORCED MARCH, and near the village of Yohaso he came up with them.

THE BATTLE. The first view Castellan got of the Carlists was of three battalions, conspicuously displayed on the summit of a hill spur, the slope of which was as smooth as the glass of a fort. Leaving the shelter of the village of Yohaso, the column breasted a steep hillside and came upon a level terrace, clothed with low thorn bushes and ferns, in full view of the Carlist battalions. Posting his artillery at the distance of 1,000 yards from the smooth slope of the hill on which the Carlists were posted and spreading his column before them, he opened fire. No sooner had he begun to engage the enemy than he found, to his dismay, that the Carlists were posted along an arc of two miles in length, on commanding positions, whence every man of his column was distinctly visible and at the mercy of the enemy if he held his position long enough. From five thousand to six thousand Carlists were in his front and flanking him, while a more exposed position than he occupied could hardly have been devised.

THE SAD MISTAKE.

While he was thus rapidly learning the difficulties of his position the three battalions which had lured him to such a fatal trap began to move down the smooth slope with fixed bayonets, while in front he perceived a similar movement of the enemy. Halting but a few minutes to punish the Carlists descending the smooth hillside, with smartly piled Remingtons and artillery, he was about to order a retreat to the village, when he was met unexpectedly by a body of the enemy, who pushed on relentlessly at the bayonet point to capture the artillery. A nervous effort on his part saved the rest of his column, but the other was taken beyond hope of recovery, as the Princess' battalion of his column became panic-stricken and fled, an example which was soon followed by the remainder of the column. But, with the exception of the Princess' battalion, which was left of the column took refuge in the village of Yohaso, whence they opened a smart fire upon their bold enemy and succeeded in repelling the attack which was intended. Had Olio and Dorregaray been as wise as they are prudent a general and bold attack upon the village must have been followed by an immediate surrender of Castellan and the remainder of the column. Fortunately, however, for the good name of the Spanish Republic, the Carlists desisted from further attack to convey their wounded away and bury some of their dead.

On riding over the battle field to-day with some of the officers of the staff I was surprised at the strange result of what the Carlists must naturally consider a victory. Out of the thirty-two dead bodies left on the field twenty-two were those of soldiers and ten were Carlists. Thirty-eight Carlists were buried yesterday by their comrades, thus making the number forty-eight dead on their side. As we advanced towards this town we passed Arruz, where lay two dead Carlist captains, and in the house of the Curé de Lecumberry, with whom I am lodged, Don Carlos Caro, Count of Altabarra, nephew of Elio, the Carlist Commander-in-Chief, is at this moment dying, and in a house near by is this General Villaneta is also dying from a shot wound near the heart. Fourteen Carlists have died in the hospital of Lecumberry to-day, and from the nature of the wounds of them I presume several more must die to-night. The sum total of THE CARLIST DEAD, thus far, numbers 60, while the wounded whom we have at this hospital number 60. The loss of the troops amounts to 24 killed, 63 wounded—7 officers—and several soldiers prisoners.

A VICTORY? After a rest of two hours at the village of Yohaso the column of Novillas, accompanied by the column of Castellan, now reorganized, marched to Lecumberry, where we found the column of Elio y Rey. The Carlists, we hear, left this town this morning for Leiza, whither I expect we shall go to-morrow. It is said they have boasted they have obtained a great victory. Having satisfied myself of the truth of the above facts, I can only add that the victory has been dearly bought, and that no sane general would care to obtain many more such victories.

THE THREE CARLIST BATTLES—The Herald Correspondent on the Highway—Marching and Counter-marching.

LECUMBERRI (Navarre), June 27, 1873. Though my instructions implied that I should send in, more or less regularly, my reports of what is going on in the unhappy Basque Provinces, I must confess I do not see yet how I shall be able to do so. Not only are there seldom means for sending letters from the heart of Navarre or Biscaya to any place where they could be posted with anything like safety, but no human being here could find strength or time to write even short notes every day while things go the way they are going now. Five or six hours is all that is given to us in the way of rest or stoppage from

CONTINUOUS MARCHING under a burning sun through mountain paths scarcely practicable even for goats and sheep. For these last twelve days I had never more than three consecutive hours sleep, for though actual marches cease often (but by no means always) with nightfall, two or three hours are always lost in search of some food and night shelter both for man and horse or mule, if one is lucky enough to have either. And on the next morning, before day has quite appeared, all must be off again, with limbs as stiff as timber and with no more substantial means for keeping body and soul together than can be got out of a mere prospect of having at midday some bread and wine and at nightfall some intolerable old soup. To write under such circumstances becomes almost impossible, and a few words, written with a view to be concealed from republicans on bits of paper almost as thin and small as those used by the balloon post during the Paris siege, is all that can be possibly sent with an express, in the shape of some old woman, carrying it on foot to Bayonne or St. Jean de Luz, to be telegraphed thence. This is the only way in which even "His Majesty Charles VII." gets informed when any feat of his particular marching and the same way was used to inform the readers of the HERALD of the rough facts of which I have now to give a more detailed account.

UNDER WAY. After the visit to Santa Cruz's headquarters, of which the HERALD had a report, I left Vera with an escort of four men the famous curé had granted me, and with the intention of joining the Commander-in-Chief's staff, the exact whereabouts of which was then not known and had to be made out on the way. All that was known was that the united troops of Dorregaray and Olio, as well as the cavalry of Perilla, were united under the General-in-Chief's command, and were manoeuvring somewhere in Biscaya, for the sake, as it was believed, of getting some ten thousand guns shipped from England and disembarked near Bilbao. So, at least, spoke all the Carlist newsmongers. But the gun in question had then even not left England, and, in fact, were about to be seized by the British government, and though sent at liberty since have not yet reached the Spanish coast.

The truth was that Novillas pursued Olio with nearly the whole of his troops, divided in five strong columns, and that the Carlist Commander-in-Chief, having, on the whole, scarcely 4,500 men, very badly supplied with cartridges, had to manoeuvre about the Basque provinces to avoid fighting and to tire the enemy. Marching is, besides, the usual Carlist resource for getting provisions. They know that if they remain a few days at the same place it is at once exhausted in everything that concerns food and forage, and that the country people, however devoted to the Carlists, begin to grumble. Consequently the policy is to be always on the move, a policy all the more convenient as the warriors of Charles VII. are a set of people to whom marching, when no fighting is to be got, seems to be quite as indispensable as water to fish. All these considerations had their weight with Olio.

GENERAL OLIO, whose intimate knowledge of the country and the people dates from the seven years war of Charles V., when he commanded a brigade. And so skillfully had he now calculated his movements through all the Basque, that notwithstanding a constant close pursuit of an enemy five times as strong as himself, he had not lost a dozen men, with nearly four weeks of this sort of manoeuvring.

To overtake a General under such circumstances is not an easy task, and Santa Cruz's officers told me I must consider myself very lucky if I ever reached my destination. There were cases, they said, when letters sent to the headquarters were travelling about the mountains for two months, to no better purpose than that of falling into the hands of the republicans at last. The safest way, they said, was to go towards Estella and to wait somewhere about that place the General's return to the province of Navarre. I left Vera accordingly, with my four men, and reached the Pass of Las Amescuas after three days' mountain marching from four in the morning till five or six at night, which I considered then to be very hard work, and which I learned subsequently was more child's play. Though of the four men escorting me three could not speak a word in any dialect except the Basque, one at least spoke a little Spanish, and so we got along pretty fairly, without meeting any republicans and without any other accident worth relating except the usual bother about lodgings, food, forage and horse shoes, which were wanted daily. But for the whole of the three days we had not the slightest communication with the outer world. The few highlanders we met were not able to tell us anything about what we wished to know, and it was only toward the close of the third day's mountain march, that Providence sent us a messenger in the shape of a

DON MANUEL, A YOUNG PRIEST, and, until lately professor of history at the Seminary of Pampluna, and now officially a member of the "Red Cross" Association, and unofficially the great link of communication between General Olio and Don Carlos. It would seem that the young and sharp looking priest, coming up the mountain on his mule, and escorted by two Carlists disguised as countrymen, was rather frightened upon first observing us coming down towards him, as he took us for a republican patrol. But, having recognized my red mare and a kind of British neck protector we had together organized on our hats at Urdia, he did not run away into some inaccessible eagle's nest, but bravely came towards us. He had a heap of information, all of which turned out most serviceable. First of all, he declared that we had no need to march any further, as General Olio was coming this way and would reach Las Amescuas in a couple of days. He had not only escaped from Novillas' pursuit, but had maneuvered so successfully as to divide the republican forces. Part of them had been sent towards Pampluna to reinforce the column stationed at Elizondo and St. Esteban; another portion went towards Tolosa to look after Santa Cruz, who, after burning Basain, entered Algeria and threatened Villafranca, while another strong detachment had to be left at Vittoria. With a view still more to upset Novillas' calculations, General Olio had just given an order, of which the young priest was the bearer, to attack Elizondo if in any way possible. The scarcely formed and still catagorized detachment of Marquis Las Hormazas, stationed at Urdia, the garrison of the Port Peña de la Plata, the troops of General Lisarraga, stationed in and about Lecumberry, and those of Santa Cruz occupying Vera, were all to join their efforts in this operation. The whole question was to know whether Santa Cruz would agree to the plan and consent to co-operate with his personal enemy, General Lisarraga. The refractory Curé had the best and most efficiently armed troops, numbering nearly one thousand men, with two cannons, and his co-operation was, therefore, most important. The young clerical messenger carrying the order entertained great hopes that the Curé, with whom he was a great friend, would not resist his patriotic eloquence and consent to make the coup. So sure of it, indeed, seemed he to be that he persuaded me to return and go with him, promising a much more friendly reception from Santa Cruz than that I had on my first visit. As he assured me, besides, that Elio was not likely to fight in Las Amescuas, consequent on his not having any ammunition to waste, and that the General's plan was now to come as near to the French frontier as possible, with a view to get fresh supplies, I thought I was justified in following Don Manuel's advice. A return journey was at once resolved upon, and another three days' march brought us once more to Vera.

SANTA CRUZ was really much more amiable this time, and a dinner I had with him on this occasion is worth a separate report when the present narrative is concluded. Don Manuel was not mistaken as to the result of his visit. After a couple of hours' private talk with him Santa Cruz consented to Elio's demands, and the negotiations were soon carried on in readiness to march on Elizondo. Meanwhile Don Manuel had to proceed further—to France—being the bearer of letters for Don Carlos. The young priest was kind enough to take a few notes for the HERALD too, and Santa Cruz pushed his courtesy with him so far as to propose to see him to the frontier. A few horses and mules were added, including one for your correspondent, whose own animal was quite broken down after the six days' march, and Don Manuel was marched off under escort of Santa Cruz himself, his body guards and a representative of the HERALD. This original little *partie de plaisir* had, however, a very unfavorable result as far as the Elizondo expedition was concerned. Scarcely had we left Vera and begun to ascend the mountains surrounding it than the little horse of

against one of numberless loose stones obstructing the mountain path here, fell down and the famous Curé, who had been with his head against a rock, he remained senseless for more than a quarter of an hour, to the indescribable anxiety of his body guard and of Don Manuel; but as he is quite restored at this moment the accident does not deserve any further mention, except in so far as it prevented the Elizondo expedition being carried out. Don Manuel had to proceed further all by himself, while your correspondent was left with no better prospects than those of either attending to Santa Cruz's bruised head or to resume once more the tiresome journey southward. While he was thus meditating as to what was the proper course for him to take church bells began to ring suddenly and cries of joy spread on all sides in the otherwise quiet and deserted streets of Vera. "What is the matter?" was a question on every body's lips.

"GREAT VICTORY!"

"Novillas had been taken prisoner with his whole staff!" "No end of guns and cannons had been captured!" "An order had been just received to serve masses and distribute wine to the soldiers!" were the answers given by those who seemed to know something. On my calling upon Don Cruz Ochoa, a kind of head staff officer of Santa Cruz, I learned that a message had just been received from the commander of Port Peña de la Plata about a great victory obtained by Dorregaray and Olio at Elizate, near the old battlefield of Erail; that Novillas had been made a prisoner, over a thousand guns captured, several cannons and a lot of money and ammunition taken. Festivities were ordered to be celebrated everywhere and full particulars of the glorious achievement of the army of Charles VII. were expected to-morrow. I need not say how great was my despair at having missed witnessing so important an engagement and how anxious I was to sum up in my mind all the

excesses I could bring forward to justify myself for not having been present at what seemed to be the most important battle since the beginning of this war. On I sent at once an express to St. Jean de Luz carrying a telegram to you, while I myself went on my way to the battlefield, another three days' march distant from Vera. But no sooner had I reached Janzy than I had reason to suspect the veracity of the news. The capture of Novillas began already to be contradicted before I left Vera, while the information I got at Janzy caused me to believe that the whole of the report was a fabrication. I wondered only how it had got an official stamp to it and how the commander of Fort Peña de la Plata could have been so indiscreet as to order festivities without being quite sure that there was occasion for them. By and by, on joining the headquarters, I learned the whole truth, both concerning the real nature of the engagement and the way in which the disguised report of it had reached us.

THE RESULTS AT ELIZATE. Early in the morning of July 21 the united troops of Dorregaray and Olio marched under the general command of Elio toward Elizate. They followed a road below the mountains, and though the presence in the neighborhood of at least one republican column was known to the Carlists General Elio did not seem to care much about it, knowing that as a consequence of his last movements the numerical strength of the enemy was greatly decreased and that his forces must, besides, have been weakened through the constant marches the republican troops were lately subjected to. At eight in the morning, however, the approach of Brigadier General Portilla's column having been announced, the Carlist Commander-in-Chief led the main part of his troops up the adjoining mountain with a view to take a position on them which would have enabled him to rout the enemy had he insisted upon moving onward. Portilla knew the danger he was about to enter, and performed a feat very uncommon with the republicans. Leaving everything heavy, including his cannon, down in the